

Dragon Apocalypse

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Summary: In the all too near future, a band of Viking descendants wage a never ending war against the world's new masters; Dragons. Soon though, a misfit boy will become his people's prodigal son and usher in a new age in this dragon post-apocolyptia. AU and OCs.

1. Chapter 1

A/N: The story line will be more or less the same with some deviations of my preference here and there, but nothing too huge. I also may put a slightly idealistic OC or two in here, but he/she/they will be as minor as possible. Most likely one of the bigger differences will be in dialogue for the fact that I only saw the movie once a couple weeks ago and the time difference will also come into play. I will also warn you that I'll be experimenting with perspective in this piece so it will be switching between first and third person once in a while and tone sometimes too. Well, without further ado, please enjoy Dragon Apocalypse!

Chapter One: Adventure Born From Flames

Twelve days North of Dismal, a few degrees South of Freezing to Death, and nestled neatly in the Meridian of Misery is Berk; home of the fiercest, fittest collection of post-apocalyptic survivors north of the south pole. It snows about nine months out of the year and the other three aren't too delightful either. Berk has been here for five generations, but no building is more than three years old which is why Berk looks more like a shanty or ghetto than a moderately prospering village bordering on city. But it's home none the less, and the only thing to complain about really is the "pest problem". You know how most places call little creatures like rats, mosquitoes, locust, and wolves as pests? Well ours are a bit bigger. Actually much, much bigger and much, much more deadly. What, you don't believe me? Fine, have a look at that sheep right there. Nice and plump, billowy white fur, lazy eyes scanning the grass in the moonlight for

a tasty patch to nibble on. That sheep is about to get very dead, very fast. Giant claws snatch the poor creature up, piercing its underbelly, and the docile farm animal is dead before it can utter more than half a surprised yelp. Wait for itâ€|wait for itâ€|BOOM! A fire ball about the size of a hay bale crashed down onto an unsuspecting home set high on our mountainous community, the smell of burning wood, plastic, and melting steel fills the air as all hell breaks loose. You see we don't have your prissy little mouse infestation or anthill under our house to worry about, although those things are in no shortage in Berk. We have DRAGONS to worry about.

* * *

><p>A young man wakes with a gasp as a great explosion sends a shock wave throughout the village followed by the wailing sirens placed on every other block. As the young man leaps out of bed and throws on a set of lightweight and moderately flexible survival armor, the telltale sounds of a dragon battle fill Berk. Seeing as how there is an around the clock patrol in place, the racket of chainswords and large caliber bullets being fired into the sky quickly filled the village. In moments the young man bursts out into the streets of Berk along with the rest of the population that was not out on patrol. He took to the street, sprinting past the scrappy metal buildings of his home and vaulting over low chain link fences on his very familiar route. As he just barely clears the fence of the general store he hears a gruff voice bellowing at him, "Hurry up and get inside Hiccup!"<p>

Yes, you heard right. This boy of somewhere around fifteen's name is Hiccup. The people of Berk, who claim to be the direct descendants of the ancient Viking people of several centuries past, have many strange customs, and one of them is naming their children rather unpleasant or unflattering names. This tradition is supposed to make their children tough from an early age, but some believe the old wives' tale that such names are meant to scare away evil spirits that come in the night and drop cowardice and disloyalty into their minds. Or to steal recently lost teeth which are kept hidden under a pillow, depending on which version of the Norse legend/rumor you hear. Poor Hiccup did not only have the misfortune of having an embarrassing name, but he was an embarrassing Viking. He was just barely thicker around than a beanstalk and he wasn't particularly tall either. He earthy-red hair was always badly ruffled and sticking up in every which direction and his personality was far too docile. He was also going through the "awkward phase" of his teen years, so his coordination was about that of a two-legged puppy.

"I'm going!" Hiccup hollered back, not slowing his pace any, just narrowly ducking in time to avoid being close-lined by one of the village warrior's electric-sledges (the name is rather self explanatory I believe) as the mighty man as he wheeled about to receive a report from a tribesman.

"Any Night Fury sightings yet?" he bellowed over the surrounding chaos.

"Not yet sir," his informant yelled back, firing his massive assault rifle at a low flying dragon.

The man grumbled thoughtfully and nodded with relief. This certain Viking stood about six foot ten and was practically sculpted in the

likeness of Odin himself, except this man still had both his eyes in their sockets unharmed, and his deep red beard looked like it hadn't had a proper shave in months, just swiped at with a steak knife which in fact it was. His name was Stoick the Vast, chief of the Hairy Hooligans of whom inhabited Berk. Stoick happened to spot Hiccup as the boy narrowly escaped being decapitated by his weapon designed to similar to Thor's mighty war hammer.

"Get out of here Hiccup!" Stoick boomed at the retreating back of the boy. This time Hiccup didn't holler back a response, but really poured on the gas. When Stoick the Vast, a man who was said to have ripped the head off a dragon's shoulders as a baby, said to move, you shut your trap and moved.

By now the sky was ablaze with dragon fire, bullets, and scattered grenade fire, although the grenades were used much more scarcely since there were less and less every month and were very hard to make in bulk. Hiccup dove through the open bar-like front of the blacksmith as the fireball of a Pit Bull (a round dragon named for its similarity in appearance and ferocity to the dog) nipped at his heels. Upon his entry, Hiccup managed to bowl over the other young lad that he apprenticed under Gobber with; Dimsodsz, owner of the ever so flattering nickname Dim Socks. The boy was skinny for a Viking like Hiccup, but he was lean in the good way, muscle rippling visibly under his skin with almost every move, and he wasn't going through as bad of an awkward phase as Hiccup was. But Dimsodsz still didn't have the raw bulk to be able to wield the overly huge automatic guns the Berk warriors wielded with any kind of efficiency and didn't seem to have any desire to either. Dimsodsz had blonde hair that naturally curled, but still flowed down over his shoulders. He also played the guitar very well. The one time he tried to teach Hiccup he beat him over the head for breaking three strings on the second strum, so that was the end of that.

"Sorry I'm late!" Hiccup exclaimed as he pulled himself to his feet, nearly tripping over Dimsodsz's still grounded form.

"Ah, made it without being eaten I see," Gobber said with a muse in his heavy brogue.

"Are you kidding me?" Hiccup said as Dimsodsz finally regained his feet, grumbling about a bumbling moron, "They don't want to mess with all this!" Hiccup then flexed his nearly nonexistent muscles.

"Oh, so they don't need any toothpicks?" Gobber shot back as he handed a new Death Spit, a favored heavy machinegun of most Vikings, and a fresh batch of ammunition with it to a waiting warrior, "Face it Hiccup, if you ever want to get out there, you need to stop all of this." Gobber then waved his hands over the general area of Hiccup's form.

"You just gestured to all of me," he said with chagrin.

"Yes, yes I did. Boy, ye can barely lift a damn rifle, much less handle the kick, ye can't wield a chainsword without cutting yer own arm off, and ye can't even heave a grenade five good meters," Gobber said, thrusting an assault rifle into his arms that was about half the size of his torso, "Now un-jam. Quick. Dim, ammo run to Nest 1, move!" Hiccup was going to bring up his little contraption that he had been building in the past months, but he knew that Gobber would

just shoot him down saying that all of his test runs with the strange "lightning cannon" failed dismally.

Dimsodz took off pushing a cart stacked with ammunition to the first of the three AA guns that were positioned around Berk. Over the years Nest 2 had been completely blown to pieces and Nest 1 was a very temperamental gun. Luckily it was working tonight though. Meanwhile Hiccup had ejected the magazine of the gun on his worktable, which protruded from the wall next to the forge, ripped open the slot on the side of the blocky barrel, and forcefully jammed his iron ramrod down the barrel twice. A mixture of shattered bullet, shell casing, dirt, and dragon flesh fell out of the side slot and magazine port. It must have been point blank shooting from the ground that caused that mess. Hiccup then quickly restored the weapon to battle ready form and lugged it back over to Gobber, who tossed it out to a waiting Viking.

Suddenly a blast of fire crashed down on one of the neighboring buildings to the forge. Moments later they dashed onto the scene lugging along heavy fire hoses. They were the fire brigade, a group of seven Vikings around Hiccup's age of whom he envied greatly. There were the twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut, who were always, always at each other's throats. They both had long, straight blonde hair, blue eyes, and rather unpleasant faces with a good amount of blemishes. And be sure you never mistook Ruffnut for a boy or that'd be the end of you. Then there was Snotlout, the burly meathead who was the spitting image of the ideal future Viking. He was stocky with bulging muscles and thick, short black hair that was usually hidden under his combat helmet. Then on the other side of the Viking spectrum, but not quite as far over as Hiccup, was Fishlegs, the nerd for lack of a better term. Although he was a big kid, most of that mass was fat and he had just a bit more boldness and charisma than the animal that was the first part of his name. The boy had short blonde hair and blue eyes, and was about a good five inches taller than most other kids his age. Another brother and sister duo in the brigade was Deluge and Torrent. Deluge was tall, broad-shouldered, and had a demeanor as cold as ice. He was the only one of the younger generation that was tall enough to look eye to eye with Fishlegs, mostly because Deluge was a year and a half older, and had most of the muscle Snotlout had without as much fat or stockiness. The older boy had dull green eyes and messy brown hair. His little sister, who was three years younger, had the same hair color and face shape, sharp and high boned, but that was bout it. Torrent has long, flowing hair, and was very thin. But thanks to her slighthness she was agile as a fox. She always had a mischievous grin plastered on her face that screamed "I'm up to something, and man are you gonna get it good when it happens" and her eyes were also green, but they were sharp and sparkling. The only other thing she and her brother shared was a love for boats and sailing. And last but not least there wasâ€¦

â€¦Astrid. Ethereal Astrid, the most beautiful girl in the world. Time stood still as she ran from the flames behind her. Her silky blonde hair tossed and flowed behind her, her bangs blew gently across her forehead, held up elegantly by her brown leather headband. She was athletic built, but she still had curves, and the only word to describe her face is 'angelic'. She is perfect, and I swear we locked eyes for a momentâ€¦

Heh, yeah right. Time picked back up when Gobber yelled my name and shoved another jammed gun into my arms. I looked back and they were

gone, so I let out a sigh and set to work. It's funny, a couple years ago I would be in such a panic during dragon raids I was just about useless, or at least more useless in most of the others' eyes, but now it seemed like business as usual. So much so that I can fantasize about the girl of my dreams while I'm unjamming an unnecessarily huge rifle in the middle of a freaking hail storm of dragon fire. Suddenly an all too familiar high pitched whistling cut through the sound of the battle and several voices at once rang out, "NIGHT FURY!" I whirled around to face the shop opening just in time to see the brilliant blue explosion erupt from Nest 1, rocking the foundation of the fortified AA gun installment. Night Furies were the most revered and mysterious of all the dragons. They never stole anything, they were never seen for more than half an instant against the black night sky, and they never missed. No had ever brought down a Night Fury, but if I could shoot one down then there'd be no way anyone could think or talk down on me ever again. Or at least see me as somewhere near an equal.

Gobber vaulted the shop ledge out onto the street saying, "They need me out there." But before he charged off into battle with his chain sword that was built into his missing wrist he turned around to me and said, "Hiccup. Stay here. Mind the shop. Don't move. You know what I mean." Then he charged off into the fray with a truly Viking battle cry.

"Ha, stay," I mused to himself, "Maybe when the ocean turns pink and boils." I bolted into the back of the little blacksmith to retrieve my masterpiece: The Snare. What it did exactly was fire a large wire net coursing with electricity, designed to snare a flying dragon and hopefully fry it mid-flight. Although my little invention had its miss-firings in the past, I was sure it was going to work tonight. I grabbed the wheelbarrow like levers in the back and pushed it out onto the street, weaving between my fellow tribes men and women. On my way out Dimsodz was returning to the smith at a sprint. He yelled at me asking what the hell I was doing, but I did stop, slow, or even shout back. I, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock, was going to take down a Night Fury. I set up The Snare on the crest of a hill away from the main area of the village where all the fighting was. Here I didn't have to worry about getting my head blown off or any worse fate. Unless of course the Night Fury spotted me first, cause then I'd be doomed.

"C'mon, where are ya?" I murmured. And then I saw it, a little shadow against the sky just darker than the night itself. I looked down the crosshair iron sight that ran along the top of my cylindrical net cannon, predicted the dragon's flight path, and fired. The net shot off crackling into the sky. For a full second it just kept going. And then there was a bright flash where I had been aiming and a lightly glowing streak fell from the sky toward the island. "I HIT it!" I screamed in victory, spinning around to the direction of the others, "Did anyone SEE that!"

The only living thing I found looking back at me was a Monstrous Nightmare, a huge, dirty orange dragon with a nasty tendency of lightning itself on fire.

I let out a sigh and said with misery, "Well that just figures now don't it?" The dragon let out a gruesome roar and spontaneously combusted. I let out as manly a scream as I could considering the situation and ran for my freaking life. Just behind me I heard a

fiery explosion and a symphony of clattering. There goes The Snare, and four months of after-hours toil and frustration with it, but worrying about that could most definitely wait. Of course I managed to find the one place in the whole village where no one else was around to seeâ€|

2. Chapter 2

Chapter Two: Battle Plans and Discovery

Well fortunately Hiccup wasn't entirely right. To his great fortune Dimsodz was on his way back from an ammo run to Nest 3 when he happened to notice a giant running flame. He paused and squinted at what he now recognized as a Monstrous Nightmare. Dimsodz's first instinct was to high tail it out of there, seeing as how he was only armed with a magnum, but he also managed to see what the giant flaming reptile was chasing; Hiccup. Dimsodz let out a couple curses under his breath, abandoned his now empty ammo cart, and took off toward Hiccup and the Nightmare. _"What am I doing?"_ he thought as he ran, _"Why am I doing something this stupid to save Hiccup? I should just save my own damn skin and let Hiccup get himself out of this. No, no, don't be a coward Dimsodz, if you're doing this for anyone, do it for yourself. Prove you're a Viking!"_ Dimsodz hated being known as a coward, which was the stereotype for the blacksmith's apprentice. A moment after he finished his thoughts he had gained on Hiccup and the Monstrous Nightmare. The dragon had chased the scrawny boy all the way to the edge of the village and cornered him in a wide alleyway. The Nightmare's body flames had caught the buildings on either side of the alley on fire and the beast was about to either eat or incinerate Hiccup.

Hiccup faced the great inferno of a beast covered in sweat and heart pounding nearly out of his chest. _"This is it,"_ the boy thought with horror, _"I'm going to die."_ And just as the dragon was rearing back a boldly screaming voice startled them both.

"HEY UG-LAY!" Hiccup's eyes widened with surprise as two loud 'BANG's followed the yell. The Monstrous Nightmare twitched at the impact of the bullets, but was nowhere near falling. The dragon whirled about, crashing through the burning buildings on either side as it did, to face this new and more threatening presence. Another gunshot was accompanied by another yell.

"Get OUT of here Hiccup!"

Then Hiccup realized who his savior was; Dimsodz. The next moment the Monstrous Nightmare snaked out of the alleyway and took off after Dimsodz. Hiccup ran out of the alley and watched his fellow apprentice running for his life from the now airborne Monstrous Nightmare.

* * *

><p>Dimsodz was now freely letting a long string of colorful curses fly as he ran with all his might away from the flaming Monstrous Nightmare. Dimsodz skidded around a corner, heading back to the middle of town. He'd probably be chewed the hell out for "bringing danger to the greater group", but his life was worth a lot more than a tongue lashing and possible kitchen duty for a couple months. But

just as he was crossing a cross section of streets, Dimsodz tripped. The Viking boy crashed and rolled along the ground as the Nightmare quickly gained ground on him by the millisecond. Just as the dragon was upon him, Dimsodz heard several battle cries and the sound of fire hoses, as well as a few gunshots. The Monstrous Nightmare let out a stricken, squealing roar as its fire was put out. The beast took to the sky in fearful retreat and flew off into the night sky. If there was one thing a Monstrous Nightmare hated most it was being doused when it was on fire. Dimsodz turned over onto his back with a groan, but stayed sprawled out on the ground breathing deeply. He then saw his saviors come running to him from the left side of the cross section. Astrid, Torrent, Fishlegs, Ruffnut, and Tuffnut formed a circle around him, looking down on him with varied degrees of worry while Snotlout and Deluge remained a bit off from them, both wielding rifles they had picked up from the battle.<p>

"What happened Dim Socks?" Torrent asked with some genuine worry.

The exhausted, cut, bruised, charred, and now recently drenched Dimsodz had only one answer, "Hiccup."

* * *

><p>The Gods seriously must hate me. Not ten minutes after the episode with the Monstrous Nightmare I manage to get into another game of cat and mouse with a Deathly Nader (a dragon with no front legs and an very large head). This time the ordeal ended with the damn thing knocking over a watchtower and crashing down on a bakery and couple homes.<p>

And now I was being stared down and yelled at by my father, Stoick. Yeah, I forgot to mention our chief is my dad, huh? Well now I was being chewed out and being made look like an idiot in front of most of the village, and I was about to make it worse.

"Every time you set outside boy, you do more harm than good!" my father bellowed in a lighter brogue than Gobber, "Why can't you just listen to orders and stay out of the way!" With that he began to stalk away from me in disgust, and I snapped.

"But I took down a Night Fury!" I hollered desperately. Dad wheeled about to face me as I continued, "I saw it go down, just over there by the Hidden Gulch, if we just assemble a search party orâ€¦"

"STOP!" my father thundered with frustration and anger before softening into shame and sadness, "Justâ€¦ Stop. Gobber, make sure Hiccup gets home. I've his mess to clean up." I stood there gawking in shock while Gobber set a hand on my shoulder and steered me away. I looked around at the people around me in desperation, hoping to find just an ounce of belief, but there was none. My eyes also happed to chance upon the fire brigade and Dimsodz, and what I found nearly broke my heart. Deluge was cold as always, so I didn't much care in that department, but it was the looks of disgust and disbelief and disdain the rest of the fire brigade members' faces that hit me hard. Astrid's disgust and Dimsodz's disappointment were the worst to him. Now I probably had absolutely zero chance with Astrid now, even though my chances before were very minimal, and my fellow smith apprentice's face clearly read, "THIS is how you thank me for saving

your hide?"

Gobber tried to give me some comfort as I walked up the cracked paved driveway (I wonder though why it's still called a driveway here, we don't have any cars anymore ever since our gasoline supply ran out ten years ago), but I ignored him and went straight inside my scrappy two story home and straight to my room which doubled as our attic. About my room were miscellaneous boxes and crates of family junk that were shoved up against the walls, his single bed next to the door, and lots and lots of papers. Papers on the walls, papers on the floor, and papers anywhere else you can imagine, even in the rafters. And upon all these papers were my drawings. Drawings of dragons, ideas for inventionsâ€|Astrid. But lets not talk about that, lets talk about how I feel after one of the worst days of my life; dead. Hollow, heavy, and disappointed. I really hope those words are not the ones that shall describe the rest of my probably short life, but at this rateâ€| Meh. Need sleep. Moping later. Good night.

* * *

><p>Ya know, I've decided to do something here on out; screw the storyline. This is now my twisted little world. I'll tell ya here what will be the same; training Toothless, discovered by Astrid, fighting Red Death.<p>

3. Chapter 3

A/N: Hello world, quick message here. I'd like to ask you to be careful about your expectations for this story, as odd as that is, this story is a testing ground for me. I'm going to be experimenting with several different things here, but I'll do my best to make it at least a somewhat entertaining one. And special thanks to NinjaKangaroo for the strong constructive criticism.

Chapter 3: Separate Shades

The cool water of the faucet felt good on his hands as Dimsodz washed off the gunpowder that coated his arms after a long night of making fresh ammunition. The job could have been done over an hour ago, but Hiccup had been marched home with his tail between his legs. As Dim dried his hands with a "well loved" rag, he heard two sets of footsteps, one soft and airy while the other clinked with every step, enter the forge.

"Hey Deluge," Dimsodz said without turning around, "Those steel toe-bits still holding up?"

"Like a charm," came Deluge's reply.

"Oh yeah, great to see you too Dim Socks! See how I acknowledge your presence? Such a nice gesture, right?" said a voice that made Dimsodz grin ever so slightly. Torrent's sarcastic wit was just about unmatchable. Dimsodz turned around to find the brother and sister duo leaning on either side of the forge's open door, both sets of green eyes meeting his at once.

"Aren't you two supposed to be at the brigade meeting?" Dimsodz asked with a slight raise of the eyebrows.

Torrent snorted and replied, "Oh, you mean the 'Suck Up To Astrid Club'? "

"Now Tory, what have we said about playing nice with the other girls?" Dimsodz teased. "Tory" was Torrent's least favorite nickname; she said it sounded flowery and weak. Torrent wasn't quite as unfeminine as Ruffnut, but she was still the typical tomboy Vikingette.

"Whatever," she shot back with a smirk and walked forward to lean against what Gobber like to call "The Operating Table" that stood midriff high in the center of the forge. Deluge, still leaning on the doorframe, cleared his throat loudly and looked expectantly at his sister. "Alright, alright, I'll get to the point!" she said, throwing her head up to answer her brother.

Dimsodz raised his eyebrows and also leaned onto the Operating Table, palms bracing him up, and asked, "And what would be this 'point'?"

"The prophecy," Torrent answered point blank, looking straight at Dim. Suddenly the playful sparkle disappeared from Torrent's eye, and was replaced by heavy severity.

"Oh for Locke's sake Torrent! We all know Hiccup, there's no way he-

" 'Young of noble blood, of humble and quiet power, shall claim his first victory against a vengeful shade with a touch of lightningâ€¦' His newest gizmo, the Snatch-

"Snare," Dimsodz had only heard Hiccup yammer about it a thousand times.

"Yeah, that. You said it was electrified, right?" she said slowly, as though Dimsodz was slow in the head.

"Yes Torrent, it was. But no one saw if he hit anything! It's probably just one of Hiccup's fantastic attempts at trying to redeem himself," Dim countered heatedly.

"Ya know, I really feel sorry for Hiccup. Even the closest thing he has to a friend thinks he's totally useless too!"

"If you're so sympathetic, why have I never even seen you even acknowledging his existence?"

"Because she's always with you," boomed Deluge from his place by the door. At that, both Torrent and Dimsodz stopped and jumped back. For a moment they eyed each other, then Dim broke the silence.

"Say Hiccup's invention did work, and he did shoot down the Night Fury," Dimsodz began slowly, "What's supposed to happen next?"

Torrent grinned again and answered, "In short: he tames a dragon."

* * *

><p>This is crazy. Stupid. Pointless. Dangerous. And not to

mention blister inducing. I mean seriously, just because we're supposed to be all Viking-y we're supposed to also mean we have to have terrible footwear? Cause I'll tel yal, if I end up with knee arthritis-

Wham! Hiccup then fell face first for the third time that day, tripping over a tree root hiding in the dense undergrowth of the forest.

"Or a permanently broken noseâ€|" he grumbled and got back to his feet, brushing as much dirt and miscellaneous bits of forest off of his shirt and pants. Against his better judgment, Hiccup had decided to look for the Night Fury that he DEFINITELY shot down. Before the sun rose, Hiccup had gathered his belt and dagger and crept out his back door and straight into the forest. Luckily for him the thick woodlands began right where his house's little backyard began.

Watching his step even more carefully, Hiccup set off again deeper into the forest. If his calculations (okay, guess-timations) were correct, the Night Fury should have landed no more than two miles to the northwest. So far a half an hour of trudging through the woods had yielded zero signs of dragons; alive, trapped, dead, or otherwise. Hiccup shivered at what the "otherwise" could be. Hiccup had heard legends supposedly from a distant island halfway around the world where sometimes the dead would come back to life!

Of course, that was completely ludicrous. Really, who would believe that kind of fairytale? What next, psychics and wizards?

Anyway, less fairytales, more dragon finding. At this point Hiccup gave up on running or jogging and simply walked briskly. By now he should be nearing the spot where his Night Fury crashed, so he definitely didn't want to run right past it. Or fall on his face again. Five minutes past, Hiccup took a slight right. Ten minutes, a pause to peer about and a course adjustment to the left. Fifteen minutes.

"Ugh!" Hiccup groaned and sat himself down on a log about three meters from a ledge. Hiccup buried his face in his hands let out another frustrated growl. It just wasn't fair! For the first time in his life he had actually done something that should make his dad, and the rest of Berk, actually proud of him, and no one believes him. And then when he tries to find the proof of his victory, the stupid dragon is somehow nowhere to be found!

I mean, come on! How do you lose a freakin' dragon! Odin, why don't you just strike me down now, because you OBVIOUSLY HATE ME!

Finally fed up with it all, Hiccup jumped to his feet, let out an angry roar, and kicked the closest available loose object on the ground, which happened to be a chunk of a branch. The branch sailed satisfyingly through the air over the ledge. Hiccup pumped his fist into the air at his small triumph. After a moment a thump and an indignant snarl rang out.

"That's right! Snarl you stupid-" It took Hiccup a moment to remember branches don't snarl. But dragons do. Hiccup dropped to his stomach and army crawled frantically to the edge of the ledge.

And there it was. Hiccup was awestruck by the creatures deadly beauty. The Night Fury was small and compact for a dragon, not even twice as long as him from nose to tail. It was sleek and completely black, save for a couple scales that had been ripped off from the crash, which was evident from the several meter long stretch of torn up earth behind it. Then the eyes, they were almost feline. Its body and wings were lean and streamline, and its head was smooth and wide jawed. Absolutely stunning. Even with the Snare's net completely entangling the creature Hiccup trembled at the thought of approaching it.

But he had to, to prove them all wrong. Hiccup clutched the grass in his fists for a moment then carefully rose to a crouch and lowered himself over the ledge. He dropped the last couple feet and stumbled upon landing, but quickly regained his balance. Now Night Fury locked onto him and growled, its lips quivering maliciously. Hiccup flinched, but held his ground. Then he took a step forward. The Night Fury's growl spiked. Another step. The Night Fury roared, making Hiccup flinch again. But he would not be deterred now. Hiccup closed the distance between him and the Night Fury and drew a 10mm pistol he had slipped from the forge a year ago. He leveled the firearm at the dragon's head, had his finger on the trigger, and was about to become a hero when he made his biggest mistake: he looked at its eyes. For a moment all he could see was bestial fury, but then he took a closer look. And he saw fear.

It was like looking in a mirror, seeing this mighty dragon scared, now noticing how its head was shaking ever so slightly. He saw the same fear that constantly hounded him during the dragon raids.

Is that how I look to them?

â€|He couldn't do it. He had shot it down, tracked its landing, but he couldn't bring himself to finish the job. It would be like shooting himself in the face. Before his reasoning could take over Hiccup holstered the 10mm, reached just behind the holster on his belt to retrieve his hunting knife, and began sawing away the cords that held the Night Fury.

The dragon thrashed and roared at Hiccup, but he kept furiously sawing until he heard other cords start to snap. Hiccup yelped and scrambled away from the Night Fury as it began to free itself from the net. Hiccup backed up to the wall of the ledge when the Night Fury finally shook off the net. Then he blinked, and the Night Fury was gone. Hiccup dropped to his knees, wondering why the dragon had left him alive.

End
file.